Che Salt Lake Cribune

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, SUNDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 13, 1904.



"AND 50 YOU SHALL, OLD

YOU SHALL"

CHAP," HE CRIED, "30

aid Patrick, aghast.

a lie!" cried Nathan, "'H's a lie!"

B's ho lie," said Morris, with a

lf of breathlessness and half of

"I seen her for sure. Und the

[wan," drawled Patrick; "you're fou don't know what you're talk-

do I." cried Morris. "I had once is what was toving mit a awful salesman—he's now floor walkers seen how they makes."

F. Patrick " suggested Nathan, "I'll to what to do. You ask her if she's to get married."

She's said Patrick 'Let Morris ask She's tell him before she'd tell any She's been soft on him ever since imas. Say. Morris, do you hear? Or got to ask teacher if she's going

ooh I dasent. It ain't polite how type. "It ain't polite how type. "It ain't polite you asks like It ferce." He you've got to do it, anyway,"
If Purick darkly, "and you've got to
it toon, and you've got to let us hear

Its ferce," protested Morris, but he as oversided by the dominant spirit of nicks Brennan, that grandson of the se of Munster and son of the police-Rories opportunity found him on the strain order of the morning landore Wishnewsky, fullest of gentic children, came to state the strain of gentic children, came to state of gentic children, came to subdued "Good morning" was palled with much strenuous exerticated apparently to the removal stabilition of a portion of his spina the wiggling he paused long to say; states what its subdued to say; subdued to

"Say Tencher, Miss Egiley, be you goin to get married?" and then dropped limply against her shoulder.

"Well, perhaps so, Morris, Perhaps 1 shall, some day."

"Teacher, no ma'an, Miss Egiley." willed the Monitor of the Goldfish: "Don't you go and get married mit nobody. So you do you couldn't be Teacher by us no more, und you're a awful nice teacher by little boys. You ain't too big. Ind say, we'd feel terrible bad the while you goes and gets married mit somebody—terrible bad.

"Should you really now?" asked Teacher, greatly pleased. "Well, dear, I too should be lonely without you."

Some days later Teacher arranged to go to a reception and as she did not care to return to her home between work and play sile appeared at school in rather feelitive array. Room if was delighted with its transformed roier, but to the board of monitors this glory of raiment brought nothing but misery. Every twist in the neat colffure, every fold of the pretty dress, every rustle of the invisible silk, every click of the high heels, meant the coming abdication of Teacher and the disbanding of her cabinet. Just such had been the outward aspect of Morris's auntie on the day of her union to the promising young salesman who was now a floorwalker and Morris's Uncle Ikoy.

Momentarily they expected some word of farewell—perhaps even an ico-cream party—but Teacher made no sign. They decided that she was reserving her last words for their private ear and were greatly disconcerted to find themselves turned out with the common herd at it o'clock. With heavy heaves they followed the example of Mary's little lamb and waited patiently about till Teacher appeared. When she came she was more wonderful than ever, in a long and billowy boa and a wide and billowy hat. She had seemed in a breathless hurry while up in Room Is, but now she stood quite placifly in a group of her small adherents on the highest of the schoolhouse steps. And the capinet waiting downly apart, only muttered "I told ye so" and "It must be a awful kind feeling," when the stone o much wriggling he paused long that it say that do you think? I'm got resent for you," and then recommend has search in another layer of may flannels. His efforts being at the condense with success, be drew that cowned with success, be drew in and spread before Teacher's admirities a Japanese paper napkin. I ditte," he explained. "She gets weddinge." the example of Mery's little lamb and weddings." She gets weddings, "cried the flattered teach stacks, specific and the property of the system of the start of the system se weddinge."

"Is the state of the flattered teach"Is very pretty, lan't it?"

"It's very pretty, lan't it?"

"It's stylich. You could to look
how stands birds on it and flowers
as state she gives it to me, und I gives
to you. I don't need it. She gives me
that something the while she's got
as fond over me. She goes all times
reddinges, Most all her younge lady
toes gettin married, ain't it funny?"
It the fateful word "married," the unthe pairs of eyes clung to her
as isadore repeated.
"He food of the word of the country of the country

which is the married the milkman, so I work for the locks. "I had a sister to the milkman, so I work for the locks." Morris rushed blindly into the conversation, which is the locks of the milkman, so I work for the locks. "You looks like a stylish Sheeney," and been sent many a time and oft to seek tidings of the laggard milkman. His collegues, when he taid these facts before the milkman, "Fill some day."

"You looks like a stylish Sheeney," and white for this intoxicating praise to been sent many a time and oft to seek tidings of the laggard milkman. His collegues, when he taid these facts before them, were of the opinion that things looked very dark for Teacher, Said Nathan, "Fill some day."

"Teacher, no main, miss Ealiey" the same sweetly insistent way had he been sent many a time and oft to seek tidings of the laggard milkman. His collegues, when he taid these facts before them, were of the opinion that things looked very dark for Teacher, Said Nathan, "Fill them, were of the opinion that things looked very dark for Teacher, Said Nathan, "Fill them, were of the opinion that things looked very dark for Teacher, Said Nathan, "Fill them, were of the opinion that things looked very dark for Teacher, Said Nathan, "Fill them, were of the opinion that things looked very dark for Teacher, Said Nathan, "Fill them, were of the opinion that things looked very dark for Teacher, Said Nathan, "Fill them, were of the opinion that things looked very dark for Teacher, Said Nathan, "Fill them, were of the opinion that things looked very dark for Teacher, Said Nathan, "Fill them and of the same sweetly insistent way had he been sent many a time and of to seek tidings of the laggard milkman. His collegues, when he taid these facts before even redder and hours that walled for this intoxicating proint, replied. "You looks like a stylish Sheeney," and which the same sweetly insistent way had he been sent many a time and of to seek tidings of the laggard milkman. His collegues, when he taid these facts before even redder and hour

"You know how she says we should be monitors on her wedding? Well, it could be lies. She marries maybe already."

"Morris," said Teacher, "Morris, did you ever see a Sheeney with a face like mine?"

"My mamma says she like that. Ho could to be a Krisht," and then drow back to study Teacher's consternation. But she seemed quite calm. Perhaps she had already faced the devastating fact, for she said:

had already faced the devastating fact, for she said:

"Yes, I know he's a Christian. I'm not atraid of them. Are you?"

"Teacher, no, ma'am, Missis Bailey, I ain't got no scare over Krishts, on'y they ain't no friends for laddes. My papa says like that' on my auntic, und my auntic she's married now mit a stylish floor-walker. We'm got a Krisht by our house for boarders, so I know. But you couldn't to know bout Krishta."

"Yes, I do, They're very nice people."
"No, ma'am," said Morris, gentiy. And then, still more courteously:
"It's a lie. You couldn't to know about Krishts."

But I do know all about them, Morris, "But I do know all about them, Morris, dear. I'm a Christian."

Again Morris remembered his manners. Again he replied in his courtly phrase:

"It's a lie." As he said it, with a be-witching rising inflection, it was simost a caress. "It's a lie. Teacher fools. You couldn't to be no right Krisht. You ain't got no looks off of Krishts."

Teacher was mildly surprised. She was as Irish as Patrick Brennan, and in her own way she looked it. Truly her eyes were brown, but the face and the faith of her fathers were still strongly hers.

"Not look like a Christian?" she was saying. "Well, then, Morris, what do I look like?

"You know how she says we should be monitors on her wedding? Well, it could be lies. She marries maybe already."

Patrick promptly knocked the Monitor of Window Boxes down upon the rough asphalt of the yard and kicked him.

"Miss Balley's no sneak," he criest, hot. If she was married she'd just as liet "Well," Morris began, "I had once a "Your auntie makes me sick," snapped Patrick. "But Morris went on quite undisturbed."

"Your auntie makes me sick," snapped Patrick. "But Morris went on quite undisturbed." I once had a auntie undisturbed." The patrick is lot her word on the west loving mith her. So-o-oil, they marries! Un't they don't say nothings to nobody. Only the stylish floor walker he writes on my auntis whole bunches of loving lotters."

"She ain't married." Patrick reiterated. "Well, she will be," muttered Nathan, and could be made and the woodled by the paceful Guardian of the Goldfish, the scane of the woodled by the paceful Guardian of the Goldfish, the pa

Miss Blake could go by your side. She has kind feelings over you." "Nonsense," said the man. "When will your teacher be down".

"Nonsense," said the man. "When will your teacher be down?"

"She ain't coming at all. She has no more feelings. So you goes now we gives you a dime, and a penny. Eleven cents. We ain't got it; on'y we could to get. Teacher gives me all times penniss."

Just as the stranger was wondering how much of truth these extraordinary children knew, Teacher, calm-eyed and unruffled, appeared upon the scene. She said, as she generally did.

"Doctor Ingraham! Who would have thought to find you here!" And then: "Are you talking to my little people? They are the cleverest little things, and such friends of mine. Morris here and I are the greatest of cronles."

Teacher's manner as she began her steeting was serene and bright, but a gloomy, even a morose giance, from Dr. Ingraham's cold blue eye quite changed her. His volte, too, considered as the volce of love, sounded sulfty as he said: "So it seems. He has given me an answer which you refused me."

"How generous of Morris, and how thoughtful! Hes aiways trying to save me trouble. And the question, now, to which the answer belonged May one know that?"

"You know it well enough." with a gisnee up and down the deserted alley.

"No."
"They really are the cleverest children."
"Little brutes. I can't think why you come down here every day. The brais aren't in the least grateful."
"But they are. They think me perfection." tion."
"That is the contagion of mental

That is the contagion of mental stales."

"And they're not fond of you."

"They reflect your very thought."

"Yes, the insight of a little child is a marvelous thing. But come. We are a long way from Forty-seventh street and our hostess."

"Ten, do you know," said Dr. Ingraham, "Is a dreadful bore."

"Of course. But cold tea is worse. And the cakes are so shattered toward the end. Come."

"Twe changed my mind. I'm not going. I'm tired of this sort of thing. Answer me now.

"But the children," faltered Teacher, "I

me now.

"But the children," faltered Teacher, "I should miss them so."

At this sign of weakening Doctor Ingraham favored the queer old street with a tableau to which it long had been a stranger. And the cabinet, creeping back to reconnoiter, immediately guessed the worse. Said Morris:

"She's leving mit him und he's loving mit her. They've got loving looks. I had once a auntie..."

This was too much for the town spirit of the Leader of the Line. He laid violent hands—and feet—upon the Monitor of Goldish. The Monitor of Window Boxes promptly followed suit. Morris' prolonged yell of agonized surprise brought Teacher flying to the rescue, and Teacher brought Dr. Ingraham. While the latter held and restrained Patrick and Nathan, Miss Balley lavished endearments and caresses on her favorite. The captor grew as restiess as his captives under this aggravation, and at last allowed his charges to escape him.

"Miss Balley" he remonstrated, "I can't stand this sort of thing, you know. It's brutal."

The Teacher's ears were all for Morris' tale of sorrow.

"I don't know what is mit Patrick," he was saying. "He hits me a hack somethin' flerce sooner I says about mine auntie. Und Nathan, too, is bad boys. He says you lies."

"I'," said Teacher. "I"

thin herce sooner I says about mine auntic. Und Nathan, too, is bad boys. He says you lies."

"It" said Teacher. "It"

"Yiss, ma'am, that's how he says. On'y I know you don't lies. I know we should be monitors like you says."

"When, dearie?"

"On your weddinge. You know you says me, und Patrick, und Nathan, should be monitors on your weddinge when you marries mit him." And Morris stretched a painting finger at the fee. After one radiant glance at Teacher's crimson face, Dr. Ingraham possessed himself of a scrubby hand and shook it warmly.

"And so you shall, old chap," he cried, "so you shall, You may be best man if you so desire. Anything you like."

"New clothes," asked Morris.

"From stem to stern."

"Ice cream."

"Gallons."

"Paper napkins mit birds."

"Can I mine little sister bring?"

"A dozen little sisters if you have them."

"Can I go in a carriage, down and un?

It's stylish."

"You shall have a parade of carriagesone for each sister."

"But I'm not going to leave you for a
long time." Miss Bailey assured him. "I'
shall get you another and a nicer teacher
before I go."

"All right," said Morris blithely. And
he then set out to spend the untold wealth
which the enemy had put into his hand.

When Miss Bailey turned to Doctor Ingraham her "light face" was still brightly
pink, and the "terrible Sheeny eyes" held



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